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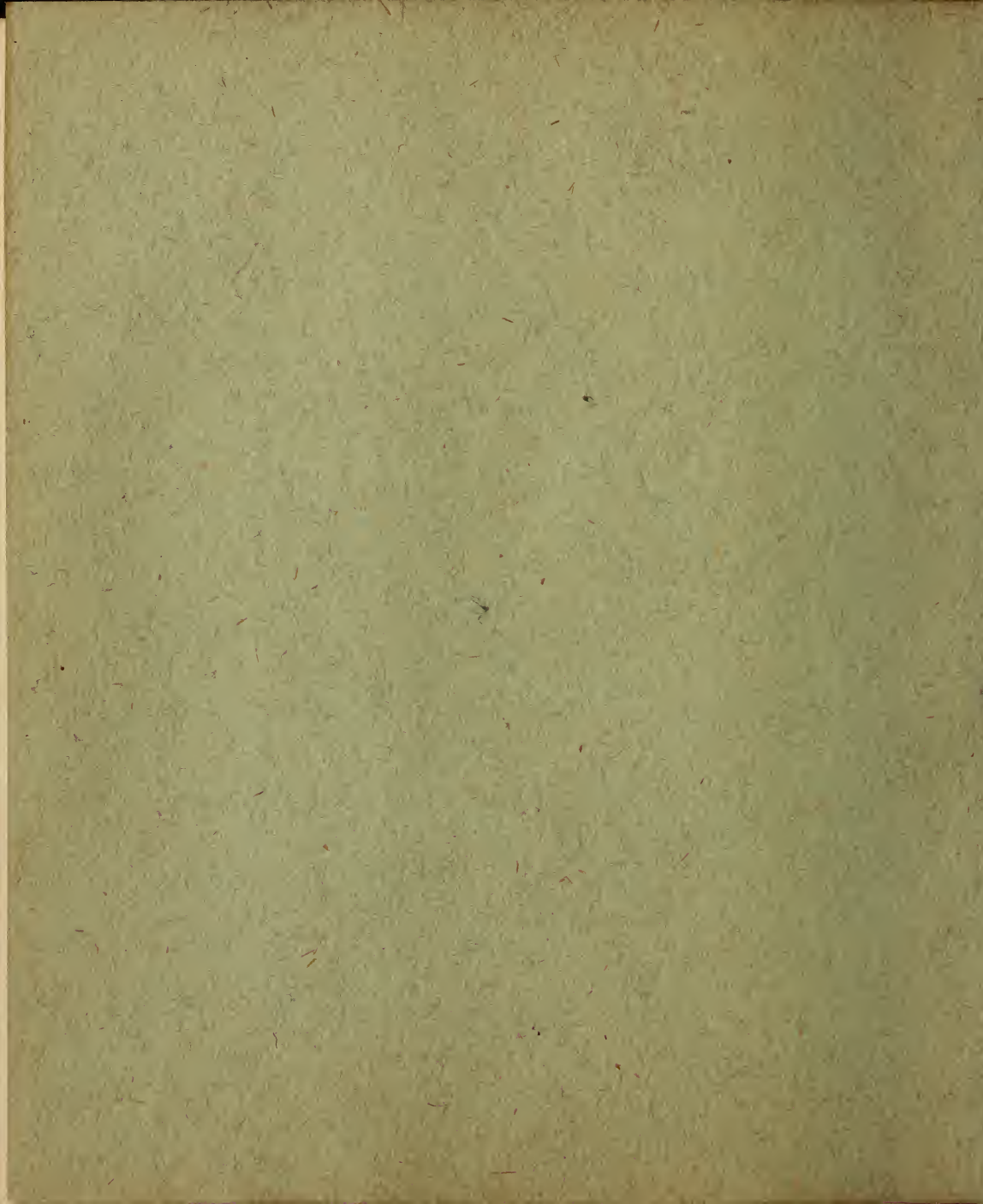
Hilario Jocundi

A MOTHER GOOSE FALLAL.

BY

HELEN M. CARPENTER.





Hilario Jocundi

A MOTHER GOOSE FALLAL.

THIS

SIDE DEGREE

Is especially for women, but is adapted to the use of
all Societies and Lodges.

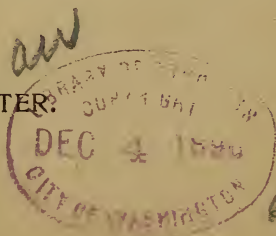
BY
HELEN M. CARPENTER

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OFFICERS, AND THEIR STATIONS.

MOTHER GOOSE (Patron Saint) On floor in front of
presiding officer.

ROYAL ARCH RAZ-ME-TAZ, Presiding Officer.

SECUNDA RAZ.....Opp. R. A. Raz-me-Taz.

BOGY BAMBOOZLERRight of Hall.

CELESTIAL CENSOR.....Left of Hall.

SCRIBEO INKY WAXY.....Secretary.

SINE RHINO.....Treasurer.

SAGACIOUS SCOUT.....Right of Mother Goose.

PRIMUS PILOTICUSLeft of Mother Goose.

MEDICO EXAMICUS.....Right of R. A. R.

SUSTAINER.....Left of R. A. R.

RIGHT AND LEFT HODGE-PODGE, Right and Left of
Secunda Raz.

RIFF-RAFF RUSTLERS (4 in number) R. & L. of Boggy
B. and R. & L. of Celestial C.

PORTER OF THE PORTCULLIS, Inside Doorkeeper.

MASTER OF THE MOATOutside Doorkeeper.

GREAT SCOTT }
GEE WHIZ }Assistants.

PILGRIMA Gentleman.

COSTUMES.

Black dresses. Capes of black calico, two yards of goods, gathered three inches from the selvage edge, to make ruffle around the neck. 18 inches in center left ungathered, to make hood effect in the back. Black mortar-boards, 8 inches square.

ARRANGEMENT OF ALTAR AND TABLES.

Altar and tables all to be draped in black, arranged so that one corner of the cloth may be turned up to cover the decorations. On altar in center of the room, two skulls of animals, cross bones, and four lighted candles.

Table in front of R. A. R., two candles and large book.

Secunda Raz, two candles and shepherd's crook.

Bogy B., very long bone or rib.

Celestial C., Rope with noose.

ACCESSORIES.

19 Carving knives of wood, covered with gilt paper.

6 Tin horns. 8 Candles. 2 Skulls of animals.

1 Long spare-rib or bone. 1 Shepherd's crook.

6 Feet of rope, with noose.

1 Grindstone—dry one if possible.

1 Pair of large pincers.

1 Small long-handled broom for Mother Goose.

Large Kettle, suspended by chain, pole for carrying
kettle.

Pieces of sponge saturated with alcohol for flame.

1 Pair of tongs, legs painted red half their length.

For Riff-raffs, 4 banners, outlined in charcoal—

No. 1, Whisky flask and glass.

No. 2, Lady smoking cigar.

No. 3, Bandaged head and arm in sling.

No. 4. Large rooster.

or, if preferred, use emblems,—

No. 1, Whisky jug and glass.

No. 2, Very large, real cigars.

No. 3, Pair of boxing gloves on hands.

No. 4, Chinese toy rooster.

Sham goat on wheels may be made very ludicrous,
and is a great addition to the ceremony, but can be
dispensed with.

DIRECTIONS FOR MARCH.

MOTHER GOOSE, leader, followed by the others in the order in which they are named. (*All carry knives in right hand, laid across the heart.*)

ROYAL A. R., MEDICO E. and SUSTAINER, three abreast.

SECUNDA R., HODGE PODGES, three abreast.

BOGY B., RIFF-RAFFS, three abreast.

CELESTIAL C., RIFF-RAFFS, three abreast.

SCRIBEO I. W., SINE R.

PRIMUS P., SAGACIOUS S.

All enter from ante-room, march to center of room, form a wheel around altar, turn one and one-half times around. MOTHER GOOSE goes to station, followed by ROYAL A. R., MEDICO E. and SUSTAINER. Others turn until opposite stations, and march to places. Remaining four up center floor to places. Remain standing.

ROYAL ARCH RAZ-ME-TAZ. Sagacious Scout, direct the guards to give the salutation of this degree.

SAGACIOUS SCOUT. Guards of the Royal Arch Raz-me-taz, of the Daughters of Hilario Jocundi,

salute. (*All flourish knives three times above the head, dropping the hand to the side with a thwack. Answered by R. A. R. by laying knife across the heart. All are seated.*)

ROYAL A. R. Officers and Guards of the Daughters of Hilario Jocundi, we are assembled for the purpose of worshiping at the shrine of our patron saint, Mother Goose, and we hope the lessons of thrift, loyalty, grit, frugality and humbleness, as taught here, may be riveted on your minds and glued to the rest of your earthly existence. Scribeo Inky Waxy, call the roll of officers.

SCRIBEO I. W.

MOTHER GOOSE.

ROYAL ARCH RAZ-ME-TAZ.

SECUNDA RAZ.

BOGY BAMBOOZLER.

CELESTIAL CENSOR.

SCRIBEO INKY WAXY.

SINE RHINO.

SAGACIOUS SCOUT.

PRIMUS PILOTICUS.

MEDICO EXAMICUS.

SUSTAINER.

HODGE PODGE (*both answer*).

RIFF-RAFF RUSTLERS (*all answer*).

PORTER OF THE PORTCULLIS.

MASTER OF THE MOAT.

GREAT SCOTT.

GEE WHIZ.

The roll is called, Royal Arch Raz-me-taz.

ROYAL A. R. Now that our work may be done in a manner befitting the Daughters of Hilario, let our altars be put in readiness.

(*Music begins. RIFF-RAFFS march in straight lines from position to center floor, face R. A. R., salute, answered by R. A. R. Those on right march to BOGY B., left to CELESTIAL C. Simultaneously knives are raised in the air and crossed, being held in position while bone and rope are unveiled. Back to center of room, salute, march to places. HODGE P., without leaving station, salute, and uncover table of SECUNDA RAZ; MEDICO E. and SUSTAINER, ditto table of R. A. R. SAGACIOUS S. and PRIMUS P. march to center table, and in like manner salute, uncover decorations, salute, march to place. Music ceases. Violent ringing of bell is heard in ante-room.*)

ROYAL A. R. Sagacious Scout, there is an alarm at the drawbridge; order out the guards *at once*, and ascertain the cause of this continuous commotion.

SAGACIOUS S. Guards of the Royal Arch, Raz-me-taz, of the Daughters of Hilario Jocundi, forward, march!

(S. S. and P. P. lead off down hall right and left, fast hippity-hop, RIFF-RAFFS and HODGE P. fall in line as they pass. Two lines meet at lower end of hall, two and two to center, separate, forming a line across hall; halt, salute, cast off down outside of room; retire in single file at double quick. Enter two and two, to center, separate as before, and form line, salute. S. S. steps forward and addresses R. A. R.)

SAGACIOUS S. Royal Arch Raz-me-taz, a pilgrim on the journey of life stands beyond the moat, and begs that he may cross the drawbridge, that the portcullis of this order will be raised to receive him, and that he may be instructed in the risabilistic roustabout teachings of our order.

R. A. R. It is well; disperse the guards.

S. S. Guards, disperse.

R. A. R. Primus Piloticus, retire and bring the pilgrim to our presence; but remember well your obligation, and admit not an enemy, *else your head shall pay the penalty.*

(P. P. retires; soon there is violent knocking at the inner door.)

PORTER OF THE PORTCULLIS (*opening wicket*). What means this rousing rumpus, and who pounds on the portcullis?

PRIMUS P. A patient Primus Piloticus, with a plodding pilgrim who is looking for learning and light.

(PORTER OF P. *walks to position in front of SECUNDA RAZ and blows horn. Two RIFF-R's nearest lower end of hall go to center floor, face PORTER OF P., place small end of horn to ear in listening attitude, while P. OF P. speaks through large end of horn.*)

PORTER OF P. A pious Primus Piloticus, with a poetic pilgrim who is brainy and bright.

(RIFF-R's *face about, blow horns; other RIFF-R's go to center floor, in similar manner receive from both RIFFS the following:*)

RIFF-R's. A piratical Primus Piloticus, with a pugnacious pilgrim who is fuming for a fight.

(RIFF-R's No. 2, *turn, sound the alarm, and communicate to ROYAL A. R., who uses trumpet same as others.*)

RIFF-R's. A pandering Primus Piloticus, with a puny pilgrim who is learning to ride a bike.

ROYAL A. R. (to RIFF-R's). His learning we approve—alas! how many lack it. (*Authoritatively*) Let the pilgrim in.

RIFF-R's (to RIFF-R's No. 1). Remove the rusty racket, if we've got to let him in.

RIFF-R's (to PORTER OF P.) We'll approve if money backs it. Do you think he's got the tin?

(RIFF-R's *go to seats*; PORTER OF P. *admits PRIMUS P. and pilgrim, who march around the room during the singing of ode.*)

ODE. (Air, *One More River to Cross.*)

A pilgrim from the outer world

Is slowly passing by;

He seeks admission to the Lodge

Of Hilario Jocundi—

Hilario lario li, Hilario lario li—

He seeks admission to the Lodge

Of Hilario Jocundi.

Now pilgrim pause while yet you may,
 Ere your vow is sealed on high;
 For here alone the faithful live,
 And here the traitors die—
 Die die die, and here the traitors die—
 For here alone the faithful live
 In Hilario Jocundi.

(PRIMUS P., *with pilgrim, halts in front of R.A.R.*)

PRIMUS P. Royal Arch Raz-me-taz, I bring to you a pilgrim, who, having safely crossed the draw-bridge and entered the portcullis of our order, would like still further to investigate the labyrinths of our noble structure.

R. A. R. (*addresses MED. EXAM.*) Medico Examicus, before this pilgrim proceeds further into our order, will you kindly give us the benefit of your skill and learning?—without which the physical fabric of this order would fall “as flat as flax.”

MEDICO EXAMICUS. I will. (PRIMUS P. *seats pilgrim in P. P.’s chair.*) Ah-e-m—h-e-m (*looking pilgrim in the eye*). Were you ever exposed to

Ecchymosis? (*Pilgrim stares.*) Were you ever exposed to Ecchymosis? I mean, did you ever have a black eye?

PILGRIM. Is that it now?

MED. EX. (*thumping head of pilyrim*). Did you, in infancy or later on in life, have Eucephelon? (*Pilgrim stares, and question is repeated very impatiently.*) In other words, have you ever been troubled with brains?

PILGRIM. Why didn't you say so in the first place?

MED. EX. Put out your tongue, please. (*Holds tongue with pincers while questions are asked and answered.*) Have you felt any tendency to gustatory loquacity?

PILGRIM. Rather, I think.

MED. EX. Or indications of lapsus linguae?

PILGRIM. Y-e-s no.

(*Pincers are removed. Pilgrim is told to rise.*
MED. EX. *strikes Pil.'s chest several hard blows with pincers—a tin pan is concealed there—listens and strikes again.*)

MED. EX. Royal Arch Raz-me-taz, I find him
sounds as a bell. (*Retires to place.*)

(PRIMUS P., *with pilgrim, marches to position at
altar, facing R. A. R., while all sing—*

(Air: Chorus, "*Little Alabama Coon.*")

He is safely through the teething season,
Through with scarlet fever and the mumps,
Whooping-cough, chicken-pox, ev'rything in reason,
And his mother says he never has the dumps.

R. A. R. Pilgrim, have you been hoodwinked,
pressed or shanghaied through our portals?

PILGRIM. I have not.

R. A. R. Do you come here of your own free
will?

PILGRIM. I do.

R. A. R. Here you will find your path beset with
difficulties. The roses have all been plucked for
the Fabiola fete, and only thorns remain (*sighs*).
The milk and bee honey, of which we once had
oodles, has all been gobbled up by the Half Million
Club (*sighs*). The light that once shone on our
walk of life, as a radiant lightning bug, has been

blown out by the city fathers, and in the consequent darkness, with only a post-office site, we are unable to see ourselves as others see us. (*All weep, use handkerchiefs.*) [Instead of the foregoing, any local grievances may be introduced.] In the face of this exhaustive dissertation upon our trials and afflictions, do you still wish to proceed?

PILGRIM. I do.

R. A. R. Have a care; I give you warning, none but the faithful are permitted to live here.

PRIMUS P. Behold (*tapping skull with knife*) all that remains of him who kept not his obligation (*groans*), and her (*tapping other skull*), who kept not her plighted faith. (*Groans and weeping.*)

R. A. R. The faithless must contemplate death; there is no alternative. With this knowledge of our Order, do you still wish to unite with us?

PILGRIM. I do.

(*All the officers rise and march to altar, forming circle around altar, PILGRIM and PRIMUS P. Join hands, holding knives perpendicularly. Circle to left while singing altar ode, music and movement ceases while PILGRIM answers.*)

ALTAR ODE. (*Air, Miss Jinny McJones.*)

Oh pilgrim from the world of sin—

The world of sin,

The world of sin—

Oh pilgrim from the world of sin,

Do you know where you're at?

PILGRIM. I think so.

You've come to take a solemn pledge—

A solemn pledge,

A solemn pledge—

You've come to take a solemn pledge,

And wear it in your hat.

And now this pledge you'll have to keep—

You'll have to keep,

You'll have to keep—

And now this pledge you'll have to keep,

Do you remember that?

PILGRIM. I do.

You'd better look before you leap—

Before you leap,

Before you leap—

You'd better look before you leap,

And know where you are at.

(*Last verse repeated softly, while all march to seats except R. A. R. and SUSTAINER, who go to altar.*)

R. A. R. Primus Piloticus, place the pilgrim in position to receive the obligation (*pilgrim kneels*). Put your chin upon the altar, with the left thumb upon the right heel, and repeat after me—

OBLIGATION.

In the presence of the Daughters of Hilario Jocundi, I, ———, solemnly promise that no power on earth can compel me to tell my wife or my mother-in-law any of my forethoughts, afterthoughts or meditations, either prior, previous or antecedent, nor succeeding or subsequent to entering this degree.

I furthermore promise that I will not become riotously rampant if my socks are undarned, but do it myself. My voice shall never be heard denouncing tidies and pillow-shams; and though my fare should be cold baked potatoes, no word of praise in behalf of my mother's cooking will I utter. "Mum's the word."

R. A. R. Primus Piloticus, present this pilgrim to the Secunda Raz for instruction in the desirable qualification of thrift. (R. A. R., MED. E., SUS-TAINER *go to seats.*)

PRIMUS P. I bring a pilgrim who seeks instruction at this shrine.

SECUNDA RAZ.

Were I a poetaster, I'd indite
An ode bucolic to the shepherdess Bo Peep;
But failing that, the story I'll recite
Of the bamboozled maid who raised sebacious sheep.

According to the ridiculous rhymers Mother Goose, Bo Peep was a shadowy shepherdess who flourished during the previous portion of the seventh century. She made a limited living by raising sebacious sheep. As there were few fences in the commencement of her chimerical career, she wisely and warily watched her silly, sappy sheep to keep them from straying. In spite of her constant care, small subdivisions of lovely little lambs wandered away and were lost for divers days. When they were found, oh! sad to relate, they were mostly minus their caudal concomitants.

When a gifted genius invented and introduced barbed-wire fencing, Bo Peep invested the whole of her conglomerated capital in a sufficiency to surround her pastoral plantation, after which she heaved a satisfying sigh of relief, thinking her trials and tribulations were eternally ended, but they were only contumaciously commenced, for her simple sheep were constantly caught on the bristling barbs, which inflicted woful wounds and robbed them of frightful fragments of their fascinating fleeces; and when the sorry sheep were shorn, the small segregated sections were sold for so little (owing to wool being put on the free list) as to ever after prove a maddening memory. Thus ends the sorrowful story as related by the ridiculous rhymer Mother Goose.

The racy romancer Dame Rumor, of more recent renown, relates that she rallied and took advantage of the bankrupt law, after which she invested the small sum realized from the sale of her ill-fated flock in gregarious goats, being aware that many goats were annually used up in

initiating curious candidates (like the one now in tow) into legalized lodges and obnoxious orders. The tariff could not affect the price of gregarious goats.

Bo Peep soon realized that she had made an expedient exchange, for her goats flourished and grew fat on a delectable diet of circumjacent cans, slippery shrubs and other ludicrous luxuries. In consequence of said diet they were thoroughly tough, and we are incidentally informed that her goats could carry more calculating candidates through the obligatory ordeal than could the goats of any other shepherdess of that day. They were in daily demand, and Bo Peep actually acquired a capacious competence and lived in legitimate luxury the rest of her longevitous life.

This is the superlatively suppositious story of Bo Peep, as related by the ridiculous rhymers Mother Goose, supplemented by the racy romancer Dame Rumor, and from her example we are taught that with wool on the free list, gregarious goats may prove more profitable property than sebacious sheep.

The sign of this degree is given by placing the shepherd's crook around the neck of a confiding candidate, after which he will be asked a quizzical Quixotic question. Primus Piloticus, you will exemplify.

(P. P. leads pilgrim with crook about the neck around the altar and back to S. RAZ.)

S. RAZ. Are you afraid of goats?

PILGRIM. Yes, I am.

S. RAZ. Primus Piloticus, present this pilgrim to Sine Rhino for instruction in loyalty.

PRIMUS P. Sine Rhino, by order of the Secunda Raz, I present this pilgrim for instruction in the commendable virtue of loyalty.

SINE RHINO. Simple Simon is a pseudonym conferred upon a noted lawyer, whose sterling integrity and law-abiding principles won for him this soubriquet. When tired of the responsibilities of life, and longing for recreation, he and Jonah and other noted rimrods found amusement in angling in the mountain streams of their native land. Jonah's catch proving larger than his companions'

was the cause of much valuable time being spent in this invigorating diversion.

This continuous fishing so depleted the streams of their finny tribes that King Agrippa issued an edict prohibiting fishing for trout, or anything smaller than whale. Simon was sorely grieved when informed of the King's manifesto, but the pure principles of honesty and loyalty, which were instilled in his youth, gave him backbone never before nor since found in one of the profession, and not only made him law-abiding, but won for him spondulics and lasting memory in song and verse.

When a desire to angle surged through his soul and stirred every fibre of his anatomy, he made an inward application of opodeldoc, and resignedly seating himself on a three-legged stool (this stool has recently been recovered from the ruins of Pompeii), sozzled his line in his ma's water-pail, and, strange to relate, caught as many fish as most sportsmen of the present day. When the King heard of the loyalty of Simple Simon and his long-suffering in consequence of the fish act, his

heart was touched, and he made restitution by dubbing him Wollopy-woo of the Salmagundi Sportsman's Club.

This is the lesson of loyalty as taught by the angler Simple Simon. The sign of this degree is given with the little finger of either hand describing a fish hook, thus (*making sign*), and signifies that small fry is equally as good as whale. Primus Piloticus, present this pilgrim to the Scribeo Inky Waxy for instruction in the desirable attribute of grit.

PRIMUS P. Scribeo Inky Waxy, I bring this pilgrim for instruction in grit.

SCRIBEO INKY WAXY. My friend, your desire to pursue the rugged path that leads to the top round of this degree gives ample testimony of your capabilities, and it is with pleasure that I unfold to you the beautiful lesson of grit, as taught in our ritual. That noted book, to which we make such frequent reference, tells us of the man who "jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out

both his eyes." The historian has left us in the dark so far as the name of this wonderfully wise personage is concerned, but his valor and intrepid grit will be handed down from generation to generation. The gigantic will-power which enabled him to perform such a "non compos mentis" feat is worthy of your deepest consideration. But the heroism of this noted man, when he found his eyes were out, surpasses our liveliest imagination. It is authentically stated that, with true grit, he jumped into another bush and scratched them in again—thus not only restoring his sight, but inscribing on his coat-of-arms "Similia Similibus Curantur." Primus Piloticus, place the pilgrim in position to receive the test of this degree, after which present him to the Bogy Bamboozler for further instruction.

(PRIMUS P. *leads pilgrim around the room.* GREAT SCOTT and GEE WHIZ, *in long black robes, enter, bearing grindstone; walk once around the room, followed by P. P. and pilgrim. Halt in front of SECUNDA RAZ station. Pilgrim facing center of room, places nose to grindstone, which is to be turned rap-*

idly. A piece of steel may be dextrously held on stone to make a noise and sparks of fire. P. P. holds knife perpendicularly above pilgrim's neck. Lights turned down. Next to BOGY B.'s station.)

PRIMUS P. Bogy Bamboozler, I bring a pilgrim who has had a practical lesson in grit. Will you now indoctrinate the praiseworthy practice of frugality?

BOGY B. Sixteen years before the time of Julius Cæsar there lived a family by the name of Sprat, who have since become famous as economists. In that book which gives a detailed account of the commissary department of this notable family we are told that "Jack Sprat could eat no fat." The reason is not set forth in said book, for lack of space, but is well understood when we know that from infancy Jack was of a dyspeptic tendency, and the family physician had forbidden the eating of fat, as Jack's highly nervous temperament was already about all that Joan could stand. Further we are told that "Joan could eat no lean." The reason this long-suffering woman could eat no lean

is too plain a proposition to need comment—Jack ate it all, and left only the fatty portions for his wife, and this she cooked so economically that her hunger was not appeased until the platter was licked clean.

The historian plainly says: “Jack Sprat to market went, and bought a fine fat pig”—which is conclusive evidence that his home was not far from Ukiah, as nowhere else can pigs be found in their pristine beauty.

“The pig was neither very small nor was it very big.” This shows at once Jack’s ability to select a pig best suited to his tastes, in which the lean predominated. And lastly—“The bones they cleanly picked and gave them to the cat.” Is not this a truly touching lesson in economy? Behold the starving feline struggling for subsistence on the cleanly-picked bones, and our minds revert with one accord to this notable family as the founders of frugality.

The emblem of this degree is a cleanly-picked spare-rib (*holds up rib*), which should ever remind

us of the economical Sprat family and the consequent suffering of their only cat.

Primus Piloticus, present* this plodding pilgrim to our Cenobitic Celestial Censor for intrinsic instruction in silent submission.

PRIMUS P. Celestial Censor, before you stands a poor plodding pilgrim right recently rescued from the rapid road of ruin, who anxiously avers albeit his dubious and delectable desire to invite immediate instruction in hilarious humbleness, as elevatingly exemplified in the laudable life of mild-mannered Mary and her lovely little lamb.

CELESTIAL CENSOR. This mild-mannered maid was a Missourian, and faithfully fed her father's fleecy flocks, finding full freedom in her real rustic relations.

One likely little lamb became absolutely and avowedly attached to Mary, and in a ready romping racket faithfully followed his friend to school. The peevish pugnacious pedagogue at once openly ordered this quaint quiet quadruped to git. It was

then that the lovely little lamb silently showed symptoms of stubbornness. The gay guileless girl put a round rough rope about the nape of his nifty neck, and right religiously rustled this small simple sheep until she severely squelched his provoking propensity to have his own wily willful way.

And now, patiently plodding pilgrim, will you mildly, meekly and modestly follow this facile fad?

PILGRIM. I will.

C. C. Do you aver, avow and attest that your will may be battered, beaten and broken, and that thenceforth you yearn to comply with the concise construction pointedly penetrating this obdurate obligation?

PILGRIM. I do.

C. C. The secret sign of this delightful degree of silent submission is given with a heptatic halter about the necrophagous neck of a confiding candidate—thus (*placing noose around neck*). Primus Piloticus, give an extemporaneous exemplification.

(P. P. *leads pilgrim by halter during the singing of ode.* R. A. R. *calls up lodge.*)

Mary had a little lamb,
 Little lamb, little lamb,
 Mary had a little lamb,
 With fleece as black as smudge.
 When Mary said let's take a walk,
 Take a walk, take a walk,
 When Mary said let's take a walk,
 That lamb he wouldn't budge.
 Bah, Bah, Bah.

She put a rope around his neck,
 'Round his neck, 'round his neck,
 She put a rope around his neck,
 And drew it up quite tight.
 'Twas then she jerked him to and fro,
 To and fro, to and fro,
 'Twas then she jerked him to and fro,
 And yanked him left and right.
 Bah, Bah, Bah.

So now when Mary takes a walk,
 Takes a walk, takes a walk,
 So now when Mary takes a walk,
 The lamb is sure to go.
 He says he'd rather tag along,
 Tag along, tag along,
 He says he'd rather tag along,
 Than have his neck pulled so.
 Bah, Bah, Bah.

Now pilgrim if you'd like to live,
 Like to live, like to live,
 Now pilgrim if you'd like to live,
 And have a happy lot,
 Just follow Mary 'round the hall,
 'Round the hall, 'round the hall,
 Just follow Mary 'round the hall,
 As fast as you can trot.

(At close of ode music VERY fast. P. P. runs once around hall, leading pilgrim; stops in front of C. C., who removes rope.)

C. CENSOR. Your meaching meekness gives ample assurance of your designatory desire to be devotedly dutiful. Primus Piloticus, present this pilgrim to the Riff-raff Rustlers for further formulas.

(P. P. and pilgrim stand at head of hall, on the left, facing altar. RIFF-RAFF RUSTLERS all march to altar, carrying banners or emblems; settle into place, describing square, facing R. A. R., after which march singly around altar one and one-half times. When No. 1 RIFF reaches upper left corner, halt, face pilgrim and recite :)

No. 1 R. R.

Your coming here is a good beginning;
 We hope you'll give up drinking and sinning.
 If to reform you find you're not able,
 Let whiskey straight be found on your table.

(March again until No. 2 reaches same place and recites, and so on until all have recited.)

No. 2 R. R.

Don't think it is manly a big pipe to smoke,
 Nor a quid of tobacco in your mouth poke;
 It may cause contention and family jars,
 So if you must smoke, let it be good cigars.

No. 3 R. R.

All riots and brawls you had better eschew,
 A man with a black eye is not good to view;
 But—
 If a chum should give you a diff or a hit,
 Just pound him and pelt him until he cries quit.

No. 4 R. R.

The eighth commandment you'd better learn
 pat,
 And steal not your neighbor's umbrella or hat;
 But if you are hungry, and money gone, then
 You might be excused if you took a fat hen.

(Join right hands across the altar and march until opposite chairs. March to seats. Pilgrim is then presented to R. A. R.)

PRIMUS P. Royal Arch Raz-me-taz, this pilgrim is now brought to you for instruction, which is to set him on the top round of this lilly-polloor. He has been chaffered through perseverance, loquated through loyalty, cauterized in grit, pinny-winkled through frugality and yanked through the degree of submission, and now, in a colly-wobbled, collapsed condition, awaits your final squelching instructions.

R. A. R. My friend, your successful pilgrimage through this labyrinth of virtues entitles you to our confidence and some of the secrets of the order. The sign of this degree is given with the right hand flourishing a carver three times over the head, then dropping the hand to the side with a circuitous swipe. The answer to the sign is given by crossing your heart with a carver held in the right hand, looking cross-eyed the while. The appropriate color for this degree is black, which

symbolizes steadfast determination. A drop of ink on a cambric handkerchief teaches us that the veriest trifles make lasting impressions. (*Use handkerchief with large ink spot on it.*) The password for to-night is hocus pocus-tujeramus.

The instruction you have received in thrift, loyalty, grit, frugality and humbleness will be found of prime importance to the melancholical at-ra-ba-larian, as they never cut in the eye nor run down at the heel.

There now remains but one more test; if in this you prove yourself worthy, the remaining secrets will be given you in a whisper. Primus Piloticus, present this pilgrim again at our altar—this time for purification. (*P. P. marches around room until altar is prepared.*) Sagacious Scout, command our subordinates to retire to our sanctuary and bring forth the holy flame.

SAGACIOUS S. By direction of the Royal Arch Raz-me-taz, I command Great Scott and Gee Whiz to bring forth the holy flame.

(G. S. and G. W., in long black robes, enter with kettle of flame carried on pole; march once around the room in front of P. P. and pilgrim. S. SCOUT removes skulls and cross-bones to make room for kettle on altar. After P. P. and pilgrim are at altar, all go down and form circle, kneeling, point toward flame with knives. Pilgrim kneels. MOTHER GOOSE holds hands above pilgrim in attitude of benediction.)

CHANT. (Air, Villikins and Dinah.)

One-e-my ury ockery an,
 Higgle-de-piggle-dy frying-pan;
 Hopperty popperty fiddle-de-dee,
 With a tweedle-de-dum and a tweedle-de-dee.

MOTHER GOOSE. O (*pointing to self*) u (*pointing to pilgrim*) t (*to fire*) goes (*to self*) he (*striking pilgrim*).

(P. P. takes tongs from kettle and places on pilgrim's ear, groans. Officers return to chairs. P. P., without being directed, leads pilgrim to SECUNDA RAZ for final instruction.)

SECUNDA RAZ. You will now be subjected to our flabber-gasted final test, which, if borne with fearless and felicitous fortitude, will be positive

and presumptuous proof that you are worthy to be numbered among the faithful facetious followers of Hilario Jocundi. (*P. P. and pilgrim retire to ante-room. Immediately after P. P. retires with pilgrim for final test, MOTHER GOOSE recites :*)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Old Mother Goose, when *she* wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air on a very fine gander;
But people of late so much stouter are found,
They think it is safer to ride near the ground.

The steed of *this* order has ancestors remote—
In common lodge parlance we dub him the goat;
Now bring on the pilgrim, and bring on the steed,
'Tis the *last final test, on that we're agreed.*

Give him saddle and bridle, halyard and steel,
With bells on his toes and spurs to his heel;
And if his equestrian feats are quite good,
All hail! the new member of this sisterhood.

(*All rise, with arms in the air, exclaim, All hail!*
Take seats. Assistants enter with pilgrim on goat.
After his feats are sufficiently enjoyed, must be taken

from the room, when recitation follows. If no goat is used, closing recitation follows the same, supposing the riding to have taken place outside. P. PILOTICUS or HODGE PODGE goes to altar weeping and in great distress.)

R. A. RAZ.

What means, I pray, this mournful mood,
 And why this anguish and distress?
 Hast lover failed at trysting place,
 Or broken troth, and other wed?
 I vow thy manner moves my soul
 To deep compassion; speak, I pray,
 That we, the gentle sisterhood,
 May write the wrongs of one we love.

PRIMUS P.

Most noble sister, well I know
 The gen'rous thought that prompts thy speech
 To one who now in dire distress
 Comes seeking aid for other's woe.
 Have patience, pray, and I'll recite
 The tale, and how it did befall.
 Erstwhile a pilgrim from the world
 Did gain admission to our hall
 And lend a thoughtful, willing ear
 To all the tests and lessons taught,

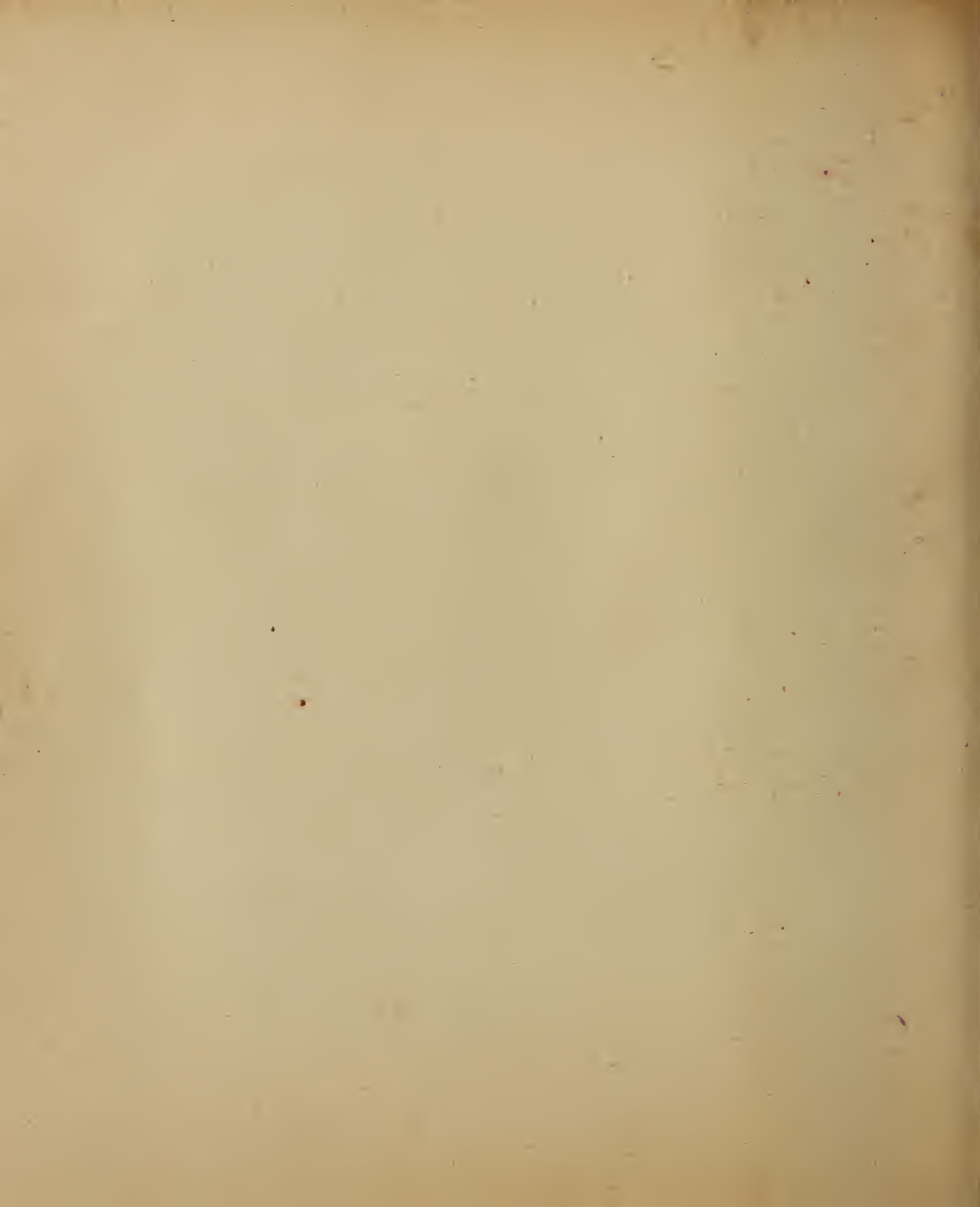
And pledge his sacred word and life
 To this ephem'ral sisterhood.
 The final test was bravely won,
 Most nobly he the goat bestrode;
 But ere his foot the stirrup left,
 Or hand its death grip had relaxed,
 A crow from off the postern gate
 Three times did caw with rasping voice.
 Before the guard could eyelid wink,
 Or call aloud Jack Robinson,
 The goat, afrighted, sped away
 To province known as Bally-whack,
 Where in his tender youth he nipped
 The early grass in pastures held
 By one Bo Peep, the shepherdess.
 'Tis thus my tale of woe doth end.

R. A. R.

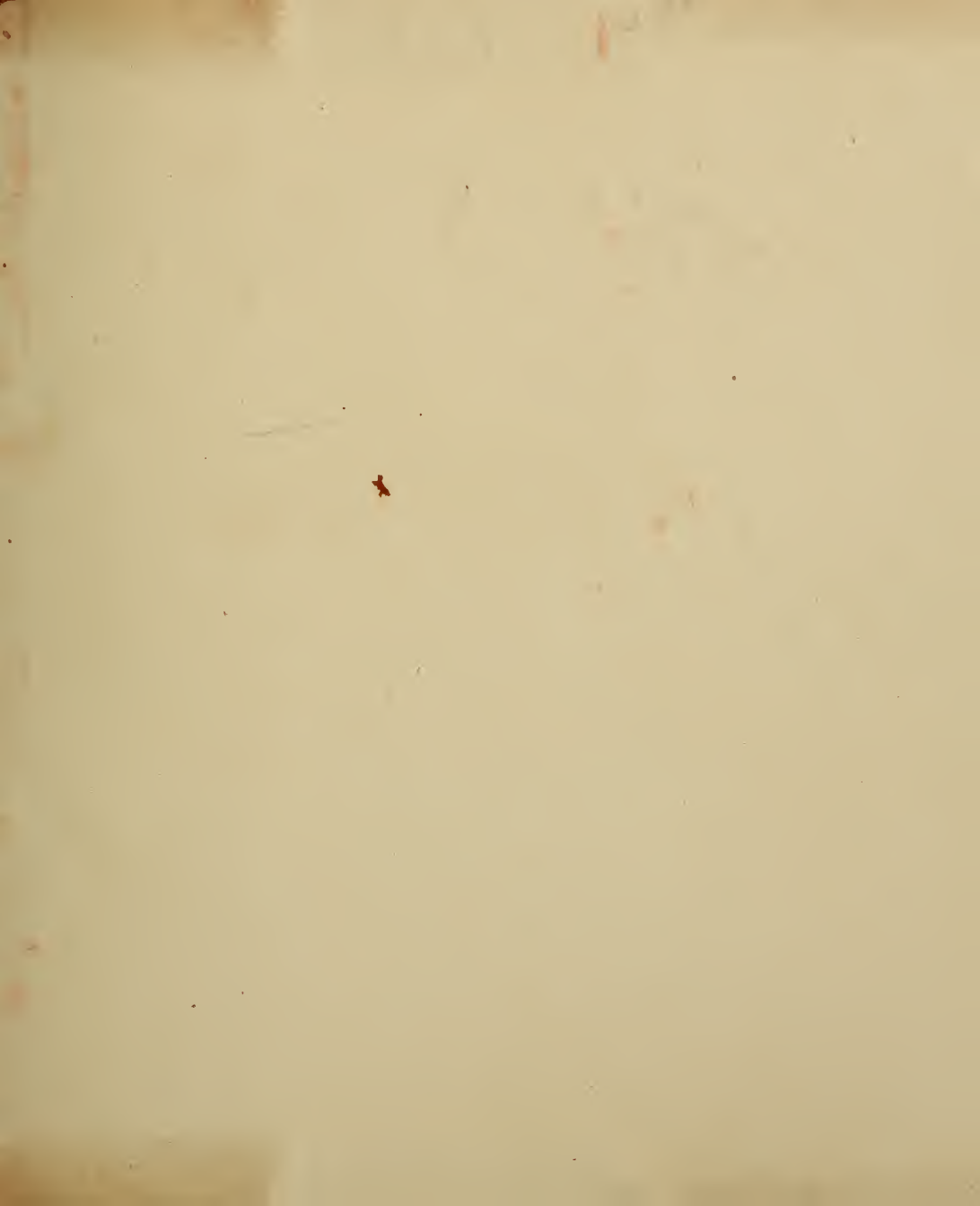
Arise, my sisters, and away (*all rise*),
 The brother rescue ere the dawn;
 For doth it not more pleasure give
 When one who left the fold returns,
 Than ninety-nine who wandered not?
 Away! away! Make speed! Away!

(PRIMUS P. and SAGACIOUS S. lead down either side of hall on fast hippity-hop, others follow in order. Meet at lower end of hall, two-and-two to altar and around it, forming wheel. All retire.)

FINIS.







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